

The Junata-Sentinel.
ESTABLISHED IN 1866.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BRIDGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD FELLOWS' HALL,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

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Wednesday morning at \$1.50 a year, in ad-
vance, or \$2.00 in all cases if not paid
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continued until all arrears are paid, unless
at the option of the publisher.

Business Cards.
LOUIS E. ATKINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Collecting and Conveyancing promptly
attended to.
Office, second story of Court House, above
Proctor's office.

ROBERT MCMEEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office on Bridge Street, in the room formerly
occupied by Ezra D. Parker, Esq.

ALEX. K. McCLEURE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
144 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

S. B. LOUDEN,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Offers his services to the citizens of Juni-
ata county as Auctioneer and Vendor of Crier
charges, from two to ten dollars. Satisfac-
tion warranted. [aug 18-19]

DR. P. C. RUNDIO,
DRUGGIST,
PATTERSON, PENNA.
August 18, 1895-17.

THOMAS A. ELDER, M. D.,
MIFFLINTOWN, PA.
Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Office in
Bellard's building, two doors above the Sen-
tinel office, Bridge street. [aug 18-17]

D. C. SMITH, M. D.,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Having permanently located in the borough
of Mifflintown, offers his professional services
to the citizens of this place and surrounding
country.
Office on Main street, over Bellard's Drug
Store. [aug 18 1895-17]

Dr. R. A. Simpson
Treats all forms of disease, and may be con-
sulted as follows:—At his office in Liverpool
Pa., every SATURDAY and MONDAY—ap-
pointments can be made for other days.
At John G. Lipp's residence, Mifflintown,
Juniata Co., Pa., Sep. 14th, 1871, till even-
ing. Be punctual.
Call on or address
DR. R. A. SIMPSON,
Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

G. W. McPHERRAN,
Attorney at Law,
601 SANSON STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
aug 18 1894-17

Juniata Sentinel

VOLUME XXV, No. 36 MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., SEPTEMBER 6, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 1277.

Local Advertisements.
JUNIATA VALLEY BANK
OF
MIFFLINTOWN, PENN'A.
JOSEPH POMEROY, President.
T. VAN IRVIN, Cashier.

Joseph Pomeroy, John J. Patterson,
Jerome N. Thompson, George Jacobs,
John Balsbach.
Loan money, receive deposits, pay interest
on time deposits, buy and sell gold and United
States Bonds, cash, coupons and checks.
Remit money to any part of the United States
and also to England, Scotland, Ireland and
Germany. Sell Revenue Stamps.
In sums of \$200 at 2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$500 at 2 1/2 per cent. discount.
In sums of \$1000 at 3 per cent. discount.
[aug 18 1869]

Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, fashionable Boot
and Shoemaker, hereby respectfully
informs the public that he has located
in the borough of Patterson, where he is pre-
pared to accommodate the most fastidious in
LADIES' WEAR.
Gents' Fine and Coarse Boots,
Brogans,
CHILDREN'S WEAR, &c., &c.
Also, mending done in the neatest manner
and upon the shortest notice. A liberal
share of public patronage is respectfully
solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop located on the east side of Tus-
carora street, one door south of Main street,
nearly opposite Laird & Bell's store.
J. W. DEAN.
March 8, 1871-17

The Place for Good Grapes
IS AT THE
Juniata Valley Vineyards,
AND GRAPE-VINE NURSERY.
THE undersigned would respectfully in-
form the public that he has started a
Grape-vine Nursery about one mile northeast
of Mifflintown, where he has been testing a
large number of the different varieties of
Grapes; and having been in the business for
seven years, he is now prepared to furnish
VINES OF ALL THE LEADING
VARIETIES, AND OF THE
MOST PROMISING
KINDS, AT
LOW RATES.
by the single vine, dozen, hundred or thou-
sand. All persons wishing good and thrifty
vines will do well to call and see for them-
selves.
Good and responsible Agents wanted.
Address,
JONAS OBERHOLTZER,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
Great Excitement at the Mifflin
Chair Works!
WHY is it that everybody goes to WM. F.
SNYDER when they are in need of any kind
of Chairs?
BECAUSE he keeps the Best and Finest
Assortment of all kinds of Chairs that was
ever offered to the eyes of the public.
Reader, if you are in want of Chairs of
any kind, you will do well to call on the un-
der-sig-ned, and examine his fine stock of
Case Seat and Windsor Chairs,
of all descriptions, before purchasing else-
where. Having lately started in business, he
is determined to do the very best he can as
regards durability and cheapness, and war-
rants every article manufactured by him.
Remember the Sign of the **BIG
RED CHAIR** on the pole on the
corner of Main and Cherry streets, when you
want to buy good chairs.
W. F. SNYDER.
Mifflintown, Feb. 8, 1871.

NEW DRUG STORE.
BANKS & HAMLIN,
Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.
DEALERS IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Dye Stuff,
Oils, Paints,
Varnishes, Coal Oil,
Putty, Lamps, Brushes,
Chimneys, Soap,
Infants Brushes, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes,
Perfumery, Combs,
Hair Oil, Tobacco,
Cigars, and Notions.
LARGE VARIETY OF
PATENT MEDICINES,
selected with great care, and warranted from
high authority.
Purest of WINES AND LIQUORS for Medi-
cal Purposes.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded with
great care. [aug 17-17]

S. B. LOUDEN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
WOULD respectfully inform the public
that he has removed his Tailoring Es-
tablishment to a room in Major Nevin's new
building, on the Parker lot, on Bridge street,
Mifflintown, and has opened up a
**LARGE AND FINE ASSORTMENT OF
CLOTHES,**
CASSIMERES,
VESTINGS, &c.
Than ever was before brought to this coun-
try he is prepared to make to order in the
LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE.
And in a manner that will defy all competi-
tion. He also manufactures to order, all
sorts of
CUSTOM WORK
On reasonable terms.
By strict attention to business, he hopes to
receive a liberal share of public patronage.
Give him a call and inspect his stock
of cutting and workmanship before going
elsewhere.
May 1, 1871.

WALL PAPER.
Rally to the Place where you can buy
your Wall Paper Cheap.
THE undersigned takes this method of in-
forming the public that he has just re-
ceived at his residence on Third Street, Mif-
flintown, a large assortment of
WALL PAPER,
of various styles, which he offers for sale
CHEAPER than can be purchased elsewhere
in the county. All persons in need of the
above article, and wishing to save money, are
invited to call and examine his stock and
hear his prices before going elsewhere.
Large supply constantly on hand.
SIMON BASOM,
Mifflintown, April 5, 1871-17

Sales of Real Estate.
A Valuable Farm
IN WALKER TOWNSHIP
AT PRIVATE SALE.
THE undersigned offers at private sale,
a valuable farm, situated in Walker town-
ship, about one fourth mile northeast of Per-
ryville, on the east side of the Juniata river,
adjoining lands of William Hetrick and Mrs.
Shuman, containing
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN ACRES,
Nine Acres of which are well set with young
timber. The remainder is cleared and in a
good state of cultivation—erected a large new
tillable; having thereon every acre being
Brick Dwelling House,
also a good STONE HOUSE, suitable for
renting or can be used as a summer house,
a good Spring House near to the Dwelling
House, Bake-oven and good Well of never-
failing water—all under one roof,
Good Large Bank Barn,
Wagon Shed, Wood House, and all other
necessary outbuildings. There is a good Coal
Wharf on the premises, which is valuable.
Also a good Young Orchard, just beginning
to bear plentifully.
This farm was formerly owned by Samuel
Deshore, dec'd., and can be bought from his
widow, Mrs. Anna Myers, residing in Mc-
Veytown, Mifflin Co., Pa. Full particulars
will be given and terms made known by the
undersigned, residing
M. L. BASHORE.
July 12, 1871-2m

VALUABLE FARM
IN FERMANAGH TOWNSHIP,
AT PRIVATE SALE!
THE undersigned offers at private sale a
valuable farm, situated in Fermanagh town-
ship, Juniata county, about 2 1/2 miles
northwest of Mifflin, (by the road), adjoin-
ing lands of C. B. Horning, Jacob Thomas, Sr.,
and William Allison containing
130 ACRES.
About Thirty Acres of which is good Timber-
land—a portion of the timber on it being fine
straight oak, suitable for heavy frame work.
The remaining one hundred acres are clear,
and in a good state of cultivation, and well
fenced, having thereon erected a new
FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,
thirty feet square, with fountain pump at
the door,
Good Frame Bank Barn,
40 by 72 feet. Trough with fountain pump
for watering stock near the barn. Two Corn
Crisks, Stone Spring and Wash House, and all
other outbuildings usually found on a well-
improved farm. There are two Springs of
excellent water near the house. There is also
on the premises an Orchard with a
FINE COLLECTION OF FRUIT.
This property is in close proximity to
schools and mills, and is a desirable place for
a farmer.
Particulars, as to price and terms, can be
learned by calling on or addressing the un-
der-sig-ned, residing in Mifflintown, or Philo
Shively, on the farm. JOHN HORNING.
June 14, 1871.

Real Estate at Private Sale,
IN MILFORD TOWNSHIP.
THE undersigned offers to sell at private
sale a certain tract of land situated in
Milford township, one mile south of Pat-
erson, Juniata county, adjoining lands of G.
W. Jacobs, D. K. Kepner, Jacob Lemon and
others, containing
FORTY-FIVE ACRES,
about thirty five Acres of which are cleared
and in a good state of cultivation, having
been lined twice over within the last five
years. The remaining ten acres is woodland,
well set with rock-oak and yellow pine tim-
ber. The improvements on this property are a
LOG HOUSE, BANK BARN,
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
Good Frame SPRING HOUSE, with a never-
failing well of good water at the door, also
a Spring close by. Also necessary outbuild-
ings, a good Apple Orchard, Peaches, Pears,
Cherries and all kinds of fruit.
The above property will be sold on very
reasonable terms. The purchaser can also
have the opportunity to purchase some of
the forty acres of good cleared land adjoining
the above, at a very moderate price.
For further information inquire of Arnold
Varns, owner, who resides on the premises.
Any person wishing to purchase would do
well to call and examine the property for
themselves.
ARNOLD VARNIS.
July 12 1871-2m

D. K. SULOUFF & CO.,
(Successors to D. P. Sulouff.)
DEALERS IN
Grain, Lumber, Coal,
Salt Plaster,
CALCINED PLASTER, CEMENT, &c.
The Highest Cash Prices Paid
for all kinds of Grain.
Lumber, Coal, &c. Sold at the
Lowest Prices.
Having boats of our own we can freight
Grain, Lumber, Coal, &c., cheaper than any
other parties. We therefore defy competi-
tion.
You can make money by calling on us
before selling or buying elsewhere.
GRAIN WILL BE RECEIVED IN STORE TO BE
HOLD BY THE 1st OF JUNE, 1871.
P. S.—Our grain is not elevated on men's
backs.
Mifflintown, April 20, 1871.

Administrator's Notice.
Estate of Mary Dietrich, deceased.
WHEREAS Letters of Administration on
the estate of Mary Dietrich, late of
Fayette twp., dec'd., have been granted to
the undersigned, residing in the same
township, all persons indebted to said estate
are requested to make immediate payment,
and those having claims will present them
properly authenticated for settlement.
SAMUEL LEONARD, Adm'r.
July 19, 1871-4t

Port's Corner.
HE WILL COMFORT YOU.
BY GLEN KENNETH
Your lot seems hard, your life-path dark,
And with sorrow replete;
And sharp and cruel are the thorns
That pierce your aching feet.
Fair hopes are dead—those cherished hopes,
Which long your heart did cheer;
And precious, precious memories
Lie scattered 'round their bier.
Your eyes are dim—with weeping dim,
And sad is your heart's moan;
And worse than vain is all attempt
To find your way alone.
Your heart is sore, and filled with grief,
While you thus burdened bear;
But Jesus now doth bid you cast
On him your every care.
O, weary ones, by grief bowed down!
Still keep hearts warm and true;
By this sweet truth—this precious truth,
There's One who pities you.
He loves you, too; and love so pure
And true, no mortal gives;
He sends the Holy Comforter,
When we in Him believe.
God's way is best; and he is good.
And just, and wise, and true;
So bid your sorrows trust in Him,
And He will comfort you.

Miscellaneous Reading.
SUCH IS LIFE.
A Husband Who Felt Sick.
Something less than a week ago, a
Philadelphia gentleman, with his wife,
son and daughter, stood in the depot
awaiting the train to Long Branch.—
The gentleman, a fine-looking, black-
and-white fellow, just in the forties, was
called the prince of good fellows among his
cronies. He smoked and drank
gave fine suppers, and spent money lav-
ishly. Women liked him, too, for he
was polite, flattered them, and abounded
in small talk. But to his wife he was a
tyrant—just the sort of a man the wo-
man suffragists like to tear into pieces,
and by this time he probably wished
they had. Anything was good enough
for his wife; no amount of pinching or
economizing was considered hurtful to
her, and if she wanted a carriage or a
hundred dollars, he was always too poor
to grant it.
But, now, all suddenly, he seemed to
repent himself of his past unkindness, for
he was about sending her, with the
children, to Long Branch for a fortnight.
He, himself, regretted that he could not
accompany them, as business called him
to New York. But he would come for
her, and she, meek, obedient and occa-
sionally to all wifely and unwifely sub-
mission, was silent; so the trio came to
Long Branch, and stopped where all
good Philadelphians stop—at Howland's.
They had been quietly domiciled for
only a day, when the son, who with a
party of lads had been on an exploring
expedition, rushed into his mother's
room with "Say, mother! father's over
at the West End!"
"But your father is in New York,
Johnny. You must have been mis-
taken," said the meek, trusting wife.
"But don't you suppose I know my
own father? I tell you mother, father is
at the West End. He was sitting in one
of them rooms off the hall talking with
a lady with a lot of hair on her head. I
tell you I'm going over to see him."
The wife's suspicions were aroused,
and going with her son, who acted as
guide, the distance between the two ho-
tels was soon made, and with her own
eyes she beheld what her son had related,
and escaped unscathed. Taking her son
with her she returned to her own apart-
ment to muse, to think. If I were as
astute as some people I might relate just
what she thought about. But I think
most women can conjecture she un-
doubtedly cried first and "took on"—
felt crushed, disgraced and dishonored.
Then reaction took place, and the tinder
in her soul took fire. It lacked half an
hour to dinner. Dressing herself in her
best gown and removing the traces of
her suffering as much as she could, she
took herself alone to the West End—
to dine. She sent for one of the wait-
ers, described her husband, and if he
was in the dining room she desired to be
seated in front of him. She waited un-
til such a gentleman was given a seat,
when the waiter came for her, and in a
moment the husband, who was gaily
chatting over a bill of fare to his
"Fair one with golden hair,"
saw something in the shape of another
woman sitting vis-a-vis, that made him
feel queer. The wife looked at him but
said not a word. He looked at the end
of his nose and into a vacancy, which
latter place was the face of his fair haired
partner. She said he looked pale. He
said he was not feeling well.
The dinner dragged through, silence
being preserved by the wife, while con-
versation between the twin opposite her
was not so brilliant as it might have been
under other circumstances, as the man
seemed to grow sick and "sicker." At
length the wife arose, and stepping be-
tween the chairs of the sisters, said in a

low tone to the blonde, "Excuse me mad-
am, but I observe my husband looks ill,
and you will please excuse him."—
Then, turning to her husband, she whis-
pered, "If you hope for mercy, come at
once." The blonde snickering a forced
giggle as the husband, excusing himself,
accompanied his wife to her hotel.—
What happened after I cannot say, only
that there was a "new departure" that
evening for another watering-place.—
Long Branch Letter.

WORDS OF COMFORT TO MOTHERS.
BY A HOUSEKEEPER.
A woman who does all her own work
who has very little means at her com-
mand, and who besides is a mother of sev-
eral small children, none of whom are able
to help her, or wait on their mother, but,
on the contrary, require constant atten-
tion, often has weary moments of utter
discouragement. Her thoughts run some-
what in this way: "I am completely
tired out, yet my work is not half done.
I meant to have accomplished so much
to-day; but I had bad kindling, and the
fire has been poor in consequence;
then the baby has been cross, and the
other children noisy and boisterous, and
having them in-doors all the time this
cold weather is so tiresome to them and
to me. There are little stockings to be
knitted, and shirts for husband to be
made—dear me, I am sure I do not see
where I am going to find the time to do
them! But that is not the worst of it—
My darling children are so neglected, I
can't possibly spare the time to train
them aright; and when I see other per-
son's children so quiet and orderly, and
so neat and well dressed, it makes me
feel badly. I am afraid my children
will turn out miserably. It is seldom I
can stop to correct them as I should;
and it is only on Sunday afternoon that
I ever can get them, around me to talk to
them tell them a story, or appear like a
real, true mother to them." Dear mother
be not dis-encouraged. That little Sunday
afternoon talk, the distress which you
display in your countenance whenever
your child utters an evil word, or acts
unkindly, and the prayerful desire on your
part to do them good, will have its re-
ward. Those little, quiet, peaceful talks
will be a grain of mustard-seed sown
in good ground, which, although the seed
is so small that it seems invisible to the
human sight, shall spring up vigorous,
strong and irresistible.
If you do the best you can, depend
upon it you shall be rewarded.
Again I say be not discouraged.—
Those children who are brought up in
refinement and luxury, who have ser-
vants to wait upon them, and have every
want and whim gratified, are not always
the children who make the strongest and
noblest men and women. Those little
ones, who are partially neglected through
an actual want of time on the part of
their parents, and who have to rough it
a little, are apt, in time, to fight manfully
the battle of life. Not that I advocate
bringing up a child to "rough" it where
circumstances made a different course
possible. But I do say there is comfort
and hope for the weary, distressed and
discouraged mother who does all she can,
and more than her strength really war-
rants her in doing for her children.—
Heath and Home.

INDIANS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.
Women on Horseback—Babies and Chil-
dren—Berries and Old Clothes—Indian
Toilets—Flatheads—Talking "Chinook."
The Indian women all ride astride,
usually with a baby in front, and one of
tender age sticking among the bundles
and bags with which the pony is laden.
They are affectionate parents,
never abusing, nor even punishing their
children, in comfortable ignorance of
that mischievous, because misapplied,
aphorism—"Spare not the rod." In
spite of this lack of discipline their chil-
dren are said to be uniformly obedient.

One rarely sees an Indian alone.—
Clannish in their habits, they straggle
through the streets in companies, chat-
tering in an unimpassioned, monotonous
fashion. Ostensibly they support them-
selves by gathering the wild fruit that
grows so generously in this Territory.—
The women gather and sell the berries,
and they bring them in oblong, open
mouthed baskets covered with branches
of fern, which attain a tropical luxuri-
ance, not unfrequently measuring seven
feet in height.
These baskets have a band, fancifully
woven, about two inches in width, which
is passed over the head, the bandes
passing backward on the shoulders.—
They are the "old cloth men" of the
community, bartering their berries for
cast off clothing; a comfortable arrange-
ment for the housewives here, for the
genus tin pedler is unknown on this
coast. The fire-place is the repository
of the numberless pieces that in thrifty
New England would find their way to
the paper mill. San Francisco is the
nearest market for them, and that is too
remote for profit.
The Indians of both sex have very
heavy hair, straight, black, coarse and
well kept, often dressed with oil. In
this savage condition they will never al-
low it to be cut, and it falls to their
shoulders in clish, matted locks. The
men who mingle with the whites wear
hats or caps, but the women and girls are
bare headed, or with a shawl a-la-Her-
nia, or a handkerchief over the head.—
The strap that sustains their baskets
would conflict with millinery. They are
rarely found as house servants, the in-
herited tendencies of generations dis-
qualifying them for the supererogatory
virtues of order and cleanliness. There
have been known those in whom these
rare gifts flourished, and they would
wash, iron, bake and mend with unex-
ceptional deftness. But in the most re-
sponsible the savage nature breaks out oc-
casionally in rebellion against the restraints
of hebdomadal routine which nothing
but a return to aboriginal unconven-
tionalities can assuage. It is significant
that a short sojourn is sufficient to recon-
cile them to civilization, and they will
abide contentedly among their pots and
pans till they have another attack.

They belong to the Flathead tribe, and
the disfigurement is their stamp and
standard of aristocracy, though not now
as rigidly insisted upon as formerly. If
the white man is disposed to cavil at im-
provement upon nature, he must remem-
ber that it is only a difference of stand-
ard, and this one triumph of style achieved,
the Indian mother lives in blessed
exemption of frozzes, fluting and tucks
that harrow the daily existences of en-
lightened womankind. The language
used between them and the whites is the
"Chinook jargon." A French priest in the
interests of the Hudson Bay Company
compounded it from French, Latin, Eng-
lish and Indian. By this device no one
unfamiliar with the jargon could trade
with them, and the company held the
key of communication and traffic. It
contains about one hundred words and is
easily acquired. It is said the first
Chinook word the newcomer learns is "fat
a-wa," which signifies "go." The first
English who came to this coast told the
wondering Indians that they were "King
George's men," and now when an Indian
wishes to designate the nationality of one
of her most glorious Majesty's subjects
in British Columbia, he calls him a
"King chant man," and the Americans
are not known in their dialect as Amer-
icans. The first trading ship from the
Atlantic coast to these waters sailed from
Boston; the crew told the native they
were Boston men, and thenceforth in
Chinook nomenclature all Americans are
characterized as "Boston's," a fact that may
be a strengthening spoke for the "hub."
Olympia Letter.

WOMEN AS WORKERS.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps sums up in
the Independent some of the things enter-
prising women have done—showing that
when a sensible woman can do work, she
is more likely to do it than to travel
about the country crying out over the
wrongs she has to endure, or clamoring
for her rights." Hear Mrs. Phelps:—
In the capital of a stout-hearted if
not a very broad shouldered New
England State, one of the best black-
smiths in the city is said to be a young
woman; she works side by side with her
father, of whom she acquires the trade.
In one of the Territories we find two
young women, sisters, running a black-
smith's shop upon their own account.—
In the crude condition of the region the
undertaking was as necessary as it seemed
natural, and they have made it re-
spectable. The girls dress in a Bloomer
costume, and show a hoose with ease and
skill.
I think it is Detroit which boasts of a
woman who took out a contract for mac-
adamizing a road, engaged her workmen,
kept them to time, and conducted them
and her road safely and successfully
through her agreement.
The same woman if I am rightly
informed, has more than once moved
barns and other buildings on contract,
with composure and despatch.
In Wisconsin two girls, whose works
rise up and call them blessed, have for
six years managed a farm of one hun-
dred acres and supported their father and
mother from its proceeds.
The same State estimates that there
are in all two thousand women at work
this year in its generous fields.
Iowa and Indiana contain two hun-
dred women working farms on their own
account successfully.
In one of the largest cities in this
country a "young, pretty and accom-
plished" lady has opened an extensive
boot and shoe store. Her clerks are all
young women, and her trade is reputed to
be of the briskest.
Of a woman in Washington Territory
we learn that she has just returned from
a trip to China, where she carried a car-
go of lumber. "She is said to be sharp-
sighted" observe the source of information,
"than any other mill owner on Puget
Sound, and got at least \$10 more per
thousand feet for lumber than was ever
paid at Hong Kong before."
Of an extensive dry goods establish-
ment in New Jersey we are told that it
is managed entirely by two ladies, and
that their credit in the business centres is
of the soundest and highest. We are
given to understand that they set up
business eight years ago on a capital of
from \$1000 to \$2000, and that they con-
trol a stock now worth from \$20,000 to
\$30,000 in ladies' furnishing and fancy
goods.
A young woman in Lewiston, Maine,
has been fitting herself, under excellent
promise, for the profession of a dentist.
In the heavier work, which requires ac-
tive muscles and steady eye; her em-
ployer has long since been accustomed
to call upon her for her very effective
assistance.
A ladies' life insurance company, all
the employees of which are to be women
is forming in London.
And here we run against another Wis-
consin woman (surely that energetic
State is the woman's "Earthly Para-
dise"), who supports a sick husband and
his old grandfather from a forty-acre
farm.
And again from New Jersey. What
says one of her leading papers? "Our
entire newspaper is the work of young
ladies, and every type is set by them—
advertisements and all—and the 'mak-
up' is a young girl. And we have no
foreman in the newspaper rooms, a young
lady acting in that capacity."

Charles H. Redout and Harriet O.
Armstrong, deaf mutes, were married at
Newtown, Iowa, the other day, according
to the form of the Episcopal church, the
whole of the service being performed by
sign language.
Agnes Norman, aged 15, who was in-
dicted in London for having murdered
five children, but was convicted only of
an attempt to strangle a little boy, has
been sentenced to ten years' penal serv-
itude.
Lightning struck a house in Centre-
ville, Iowa, a few evenings since, melted
the hands and pendulum of a clock on
the mantle, jumped over the heads of
two ladies in the room, and disappeared
in the cellar.
Romantic Amelia (to her betrothed
young doctor)—"Look, dear, such a
beautiful sunset! The sky is all crimson."
Unromantic doctor—"ya as—ap-
pear to have had a mustard plaster on."

Several men were recently poisoned in
Nevada by drinking from a spring, whose
waters appeared perfectly clear. Analy-
sis showed that they were strongly im-
pregnated with arsenic.
There are thirty-two rolling mills in
Pittsburg.

Two young men in New York were
sky-larking last week, when one picked
up a pistol and said, "lookout I may
shoot you." Hardly had the word been
spoken before the pistol went off, the
ball entering the neck and producing
death in a few hours.
Mr. Samuel Taylor, of Ashland, Ohio,
a veteran of 1812, and a bachelor of 81
years, surrendered his heart a few days
ago, to Mrs. Jane Budd, a widow
of 61, residing in the same county.

A Wisconsin lover wrote his sweet-
heart: "There is not a globe of blood in
my heart that does not bear your photo-
graph." Photographers should see that
the young man pays the proper license.

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low tone to the blonde, "Excuse me mad-
am, but I observe my husband looks ill,
and you will please excuse him."—
Then, turning to her husband, she whis-
pered, "If you hope for mercy, come at
once." The blonde snickering a forced
giggle as the husband, excusing himself,
accompanied his wife to her hotel.—
What happened after I cannot say, only
that there was a "new departure" that
evening for another watering-place.—
Long Branch Letter.

WORDS OF COMFORT TO MOTHERS.
BY A HOUSEKEEPER.
A woman who does all her own work
who has very little means at her com-
mand, and who besides is a mother of sev-
eral small children, none of whom are able
to help her, or wait on their mother, but,
on the contrary, require constant atten-
tion, often has weary moments of utter
discouragement. Her thoughts run some-
what in this way: "I am completely
tired out, yet my work is not half done.
I meant to have accomplished so much
to-day; but I had bad kindling, and the
fire has been poor in consequence;
then the baby has been cross, and the
other children noisy and boisterous, and
having them in-doors all the time this
cold weather is so tiresome to them and
to me. There are little stockings to be
knitted, and shirts for husband to be
made—dear me, I am sure I do not see
where I am going to find the time to do
them! But that is not the worst of it—
My darling children are so neglected, I
can't possibly spare the time to train
them aright; and when I see other per-
son's children so quiet and orderly, and
so neat and well dressed, it makes me
feel badly. I am afraid my children
will turn out miserably. It is seldom I
can stop to correct them as I should;
and it is only on Sunday afternoon that
I ever can get them, around me to talk to
them tell them a story, or appear like a
real, true mother to them." Dear mother
be not dis-encouraged. That little Sunday
afternoon talk, the distress which you
display in your countenance whenever
your child utters an evil word, or acts
unkindly, and the prayerful desire on your
part to do them good, will have its re-
ward. Those little, quiet, peaceful talks
will be a grain of mustard-seed sown
in good ground, which, although the seed
is so small that it seems invisible to the
human sight, shall spring up vigorous,
strong and irresistible.
If you do the best you can, depend
upon it you shall be rewarded.
Again I say be not discouraged.—
Those children who are brought up in
refinement and luxury, who have ser-
vants to wait upon them, and have every
want and whim gratified, are not always
the children who make the strongest and
noblest men and women. Those little
ones, who are partially neglected through
an actual want of time on the part of
their parents, and who have to rough it
a little, are apt, in time, to fight manfully
the battle of life. Not that I advocate
bringing up a child to "rough" it where
circumstances made a different course
possible. But I do say there is comfort
and hope for the weary, distressed and
discouraged mother who does all she can,
and more than her strength really war-
rants her in doing for her children.—
Heath and Home.

INDIANS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.
Women on Horseback—Babies and Chil-
dren—Berries and Old Clothes—Indian
Toilets—Flatheads—Talking "Chinook."
The Indian women all ride astride,
usually with a baby in front, and one of
tender age sticking among the bundles
and bags with which the pony is laden.
They are affectionate parents,
never abusing, nor even punishing their
children, in comfortable ignorance of
that mischievous, because misapplied,
aphorism—"Spare not the rod." In
spite of this lack of discipline their chil-
dren are said to be uniformly obedient.

One rarely sees an Indian alone.—
Clannish in their habits, they straggle
through the streets in companies, chat-
tering in an unimpassioned, monotonous
fashion. Ostensibly they support them-
selves by gathering the wild fruit that
grows so generously in this Territory.—
The women gather and sell the berries,
and they bring them in oblong, open
mouthed baskets covered with branches
of fern, which attain a tropical luxuri-
ance, not unfrequently measuring seven
feet in height.
These baskets have a band, fancifully
woven, about two inches in width, which
is passed over the head, the bandes
passing backward on the shoulders.—
They are the "old cloth men" of the
community, bartering their berries for
cast off clothing; a comfortable arrange-
ment for the housewives here, for the
genus tin pedler is unknown on this
coast. The fire-place is the repository
of the numberless pieces that in thrifty
New England would find their way to
the paper mill. San Francisco is the
nearest market for them, and that is too
remote for profit.
The Indians of both sex have very
heavy hair, straight, black, coarse and
well kept, often dressed with oil. In
this savage condition they will never al-
low it to be cut, and it falls to their
shoulders in clish, matted locks. The
men who mingle with the whites wear
hats or caps, but the women and girls are
bare headed, or with a shawl a-la-Her-
nia, or a handkerchief over the head.—
The strap that sustains their baskets
would conflict with millinery. They are
rarely found as house servants, the in-
herited tendencies of generations dis-
qualifying them for the supererogatory
virtues of order and cleanliness. There
have been known those in whom these
rare gifts flourished, and they would
wash, iron, bake and mend with unex-
ceptional deftness. But in the most re-
sponsible the savage nature breaks out oc-
casionally in rebellion against the restraints
of hebdomadal routine which nothing
but a return to aboriginal unconven-
tionalities can assuage. It is significant
that a short sojourn is sufficient to recon-
cile them to civilization, and they will
abide contentedly among their pots and
pans till they have another attack.

They belong to the Flathead tribe, and
the disfigurement is their stamp and
standard of aristocracy, though not now
as rigidly insisted upon as formerly. If
the white man is disposed to cavil at im-
provement upon nature, he must remem-
ber that it is only a difference of stand-
ard, and this one triumph of style achieved,
the Indian mother lives in blessed
exemption of frozzes, fluting and tucks
that harrow the daily existences of en-
lightened womankind. The language
used between them and the whites is the
"Chinook jargon." A French priest in the
interests of the Hudson Bay Company
compounded it from French, Latin, Eng-
lish and Indian. By this device no one
unfamiliar with the jargon could trade
with them, and the company held the